



Kiersten Bridger
Cider Portrait

We forget how much we resemble trees—
metatarsal bones like tap roots,

our soft shoes soaking in the jazz,
quiet between counts. The shock

of our hair, our reason, music in the blood,
all surge dendritic and wind-hungry.

We're an orchard full of hard amber buzz.
Click your tongue, can you taste it?

Say nothing about those arms, or do—
one Braeburn, one Gala,

sweet-sharp, gnarled, and stem-clung,
gravity opposed, rung with pear-drop notes.

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